

Eng. Poetry vol. 1

Mr. Addison's Poem

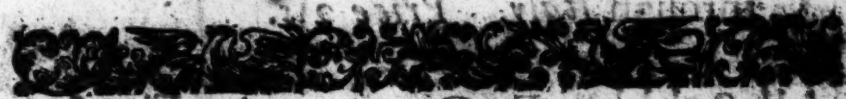
**UPON
SCATING.**

**AND
Mr. Pope's Verses**

Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

[Price Six Pence.]

May. 1720.



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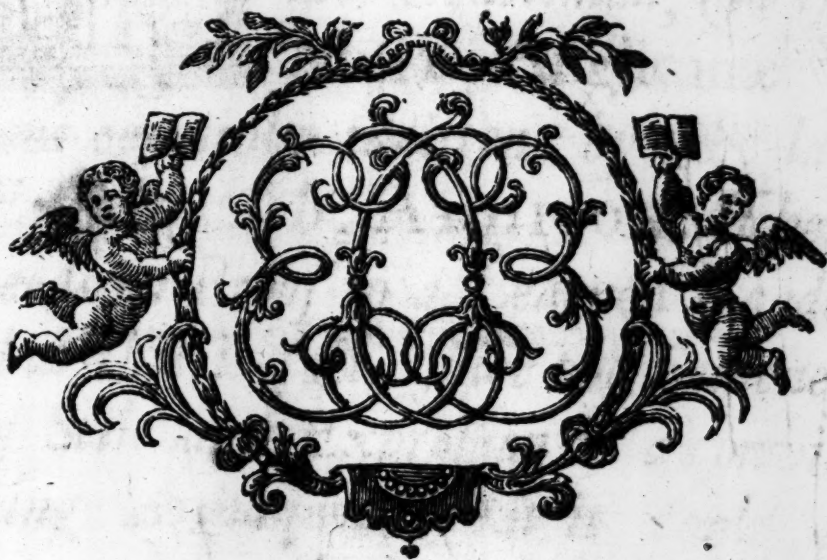
All Sold by E. CURLL in *Fleetstreet*.

SCATING:

A

POEM.

By Mr. ADDISON. K



LONDON:

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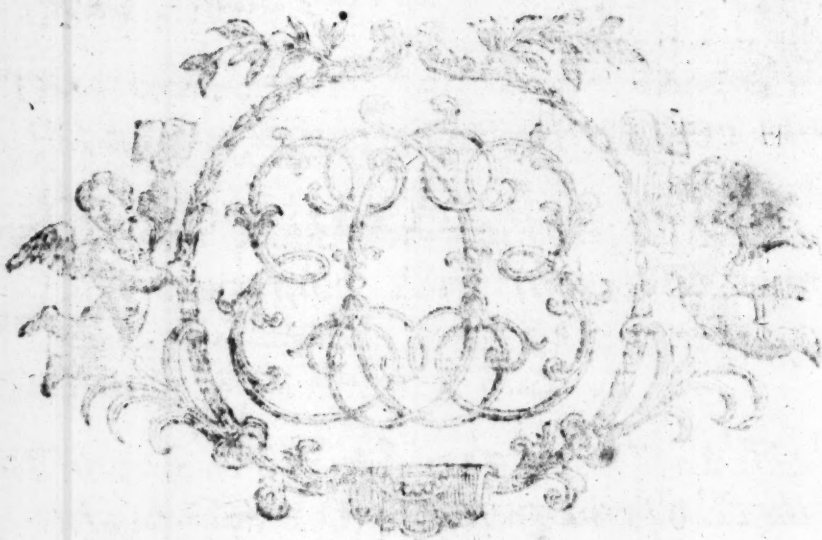
M.DCC.XX.

SCOTT'S

A

POEM.

By Mr. Addison.



Printed for E. CURTIS in Westminster.

M.DCCXX.



PREFACE.



*HIS POEM, though under the Name of another Gentleman, (in the Musæ Anglicanæ *) was certainly written by the late Excellent Mr. ADDISON. There needs no Proof to a Learned Reader that this is fact, since the Sameness of Stile and Expression is a convincing Argument, that it could be wrote by no body but by that Author.*

* Mr. Philip Frowde, of Magdalen College, Oxon. who was a Pupil of Mr. Addison's.

PREFACE.

thor. To lend Fame, is no uncommon thing in an University; and every one who knows those Learned Societies, knows too, that the Borrower thinks it no Disgrace, and the Lender no Robbery. This Apology, I hope, will suffice for prefixing the Name of the Genuine Author to this admirable Performance.

T. N.



Mr. Philip Browde, of the College, Oxford.
who was a Poet of Mr. Addison's.



CURSUS GLACIALIS.

QUÆ nova Naturæ facies, qui lumina terrent
Prospectus Nivei, & camporum pallidus horror!

Ut dispersa ruunt, & toto se æthere miscent
Frigora, & hyberni tenuissima spicula Cauri!

Flumina stricta silent, cursúsque oblita priores
Lucida per longos producunt stagna canales.

Ipse riget mediis, nova passus vincula, Proteus
Fluctibus, ipse suo Neptunus in æquore clausus
Miratur stabiles undas, solidatâque regna.

Quin

Quin & hyems proprios novit tristissima ludos,
 Qui rigidos laxare artus torpore soluto,
 Et membris habilem poterunt inferre vigorem.

Ergò cui firmæ contingit gloria plantæ
 Ad ripas effusa ruit, totámque juvenus,
 Calce terit glaciem, seu longum tramite lævi
 Pergit iter volucris, soleámque fatigat inermem;
 Seu cursum meditata vagum, pedibúsque nitentes
 Subjiciens lapsus, totum sibi vendicat æquor.
 Aspicias in fragilem quali se proripit ictu
 Planitiem! vitreas quo turbine fertur in undas!
 Ut fluctus petit irriguos, glaciémque supremam
 Perstringit levis, ut subitâ vertigine cursum
 Abrumpit cautus medium! pede stridet acuto

Rasa superficies ; facili volat ille recurſu,
 Itque reditque viam, & circum undique lubricus
 errat.

Hinc triftis deſævit hyems, brumámque rigen-
 tem

Corpora contemnunt, hinc crebro mobile ſaltu
 Cor micat, inque genis lætiſſima purpura fervet.

Quin ſi caſu aliquo glacies infirma dehifcat,
 Evertátve pedes, ubi crebris aſpera nodis
 Perpetuum prohibet curſum, grefſúsque fluentes;
 Exoritur clamor, reſonant circum omnia riſu :
 Illudunt miſero vulgus, ſalibúsque malignis
 Excipiunt veſtes madidas, plantámque caducam.

B

At

At quoties juncto plures in marmora lapsu
 Profiliunt simul obnixi, tum corpore prono
 In cursum pendent, tum jactant brachia utrinque,
 Vimque addunt pedibus ; dubiisque erroribus acta
 Ducit iter perplexum, atque orbibus implicat orbis
 Æmula turba ; vagi passim vestigia ferri
 Apparent, variisque inscribitur area gyris.

Sic, ubi circuitu incerto lascivit Hirundo
 Plurima per sudum crepitans, humilique volatu
 Floriferos nunc stringit agros, nunc flumina verrit
 Summa levis ; crebros miramur in aëre flexus,
 Confusasque vias, & inextricabile textum.

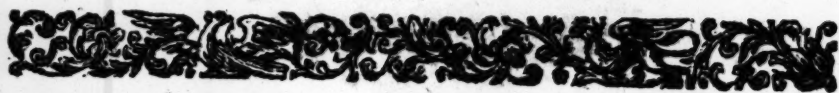
Artibus his fretus, si vera est fama, Batavus
 Firmatam nactus glaciem, soleasque ferentes,

Ripam

Ripam odit tritáſque vias ; tardóſque relinquens
 Terrarum tractus, plantâ fugiente viator
 Lubricus, aut longè ſemotum inviſit amicum,
 Aut petit ignotus peregrinam Villicus urbem.

Sæpe etiam plenis apportans ova caniſtris,
 Nil fragili metuens oneri, ſe impune fideli
 Committit mulier pelago, ſecurâque tranat
 Frigora conſtricta, & quæſitæ allabitur oræ.
 Inſculptum videas callem, & tota æquora paſſim
 Proſcindi ferro, longiſque albeſcere fulcis.







SCATING:

A

POEM.

SEE! Nature round a hoary Prospect yields,
 And Beds of Snow conceal the whit'ned Fields;
 Bleak Winter Blasts, congealing where they Fly,
 Shoot their keen Darts, and mingling fill the Sky.
 The silent Streams in Murmurs cease to move,
 Lock'd in their Shores by Icy Bands above:

No

No more thro' Vales They draw their hard'ned
Train,

But form, unmov'd, a filent Silver Plain.

The watry Gods, who dwell in Courts below,
Lament their stubborn Waves no longer Flow ;
Each sad to view the Empire where he Reigns,
Enclos'd above, and bound with Chrystal Chains.

Yet this bleak Season of th' inclement Year,
Can boast Delights the smiling Youth to cheer ;
With vig'rous Sports the Winter Rage defy,
New-brace the Nerves, and active Life supply.

Each now the Labour hardy to endure
Who boast a steddy Strength, and Tread fecure,

With

With panting Joy the frozen Kingdom gain,
 Rush to the Shore, and hide the crackling Plain :
 Now in long Tracks with sailing Speed they shoot,
 And tire unarm'd the Vigour of the Foot :
 Now o'er the Race in winding Circles wheel,
 Drove round, and carried on their *shining Steel*.

See ! there the Youth with eager Passion glow,
 Bound from above, and fill the Plains below.
 Skim lightly o'er the Waves, and scarce deface
 With beauteous Prints, the Silver shining Race.
 See ! in the midst of their smooth Journey, skill'd,
 They stop, and turn, and mark the glitt'ring Field ;
 Razing the Surface, on they wheel around,
 Which bends and yeilds, and crack beneath the
 Wound,

They

They o'er the Chace with easy Labour drove,
Now here, now there, in endless Mazes move.

If we such Pleasures from its Rigour gain,
The Winter sheds its keenest Rage in vain,
While with full Joy the beating Heart o'erflows
And the fair Cheek with fairer Purple glows.

Here if by chance unable to convey
Too great a Weight, the parting Ice give way ;
Or the bright Knots, which on its Surface rise,
O'erturn the hasty Racer as he Flies,
What Shouts, what Laughter, fills the Echoing
Skies.

No Pity in one merry Face appears,
The Wretch o'erwhelm'd with Jokes instead of
Tears ;

His treacherous Feet, and Garments as they flow,
 Augment his Fellow's Joy, the Hero's Woe.

But if descending on the slippery Plain,

The rival Youth for Fame and Glory strain,

Shoot from the Barrier, and with wishful Eye,

To reach the Goal, bend forward as they fly ;

Breathless, around their eager Arms they throw,

And lend new swiftneſs to their Feet below.

No even Tracks confeſs their winding Way,

Confus'd they croſs, and in *Meanders* play

Orb within Orb, their ſportive Toil we view,

Whit'ning with Steel, the Circles where they flew

So when a *Swallow* wantons in the Air,

The Spring arriv'd, and ſmiling Season fair,

In doubtful Mazes ſhe her Flight purſues,

Now ſips the Stream, now drinks the fragrant

Dews.

C

Now

Now skims the flow'ry Meadows, but to rise,

Anon more lofty, and regain her Skies.

Her airy Windings each with Joy surveys,

Views her quick Turns, and wonders as she plays.

Skill'd in these Arts, (if not by Fame bely'd)

When chilling Winters bind the solid Tide ;

Their ancient Tracks the BELGIAN Realms
disdain,

For nearer Paths along the frozen Main.

The sliding Traveller will now no more

Regard the Mazes of the winding Shore,

Pleas'd, o'er the Waves, his Pleasures does pursue,

With longing Eyes some absent Friend to view

Or gaze on distant Cities which arise

In foreign Realms, and warm'd by foreign Skies.

Now

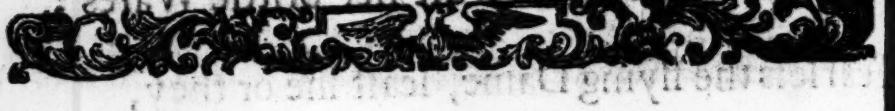
Now to the faithful Sea, the Matron dares
 Her self commit, and trust her brittle Wares ;
 Fearless the flying Dame, lest she or they,
 By chance o'erturn'd should sink the Ocean's Prey,
 With shining Furrows all the Plain abounds,
 Her Icy-Journey mark'd with Silver-Wounds.



T O

Now to the faithful Sea, the Marston dars

Let it come, and trust her gentle Waves



Whence o'er the Ocean's billows the Ocean's billows

Whence o'er the Ocean's billows the Ocean's billows

Whence o'er the Ocean's billows the Ocean's billows





TO

Lady *Mary Wortley Mountague.*

IN Beauty, or Wit,
No Mortal as yet
To question your Empire has dar'd ;
But Men of discerning
Have thought that in Learning,
To yield to a Lady was hard.

II.

Impertinent Schools,
With mussy dull Rules,

Hae

Have reading to Females deny'd,

So *Papists* refuse

The **B I B L E** to use,

Left *Flocks* should be wise as their *Guide*.

III.

'Twas a **W O M A N** at first,

(Indeed she was *Curst*)

In *Knowledge* that tasted *Delight*,

And *Sages* agree,

The *Laws* should decree,

To the first Possessor the Right.

IV.

Then bravely fair *Dame*,

Renew the Old Claim,

Which to your whole Sex does belong,

And let *Men* receive,

From a Second bright **E v e**,

The Knowledge of Right and of Wrong.

V. But

V.

But if the First E v E
Hard Doom did receive,
When only *One Apple* had She,
What a Punishment New,
Shall be found out for You,
Who Tasting, have robb'd the *whole Tree*.



F I N I S.

(17)

V.

But if the Fair Eve
Hard Doom did receive,

When only One Apple had she,

What a Punishment New,

Shall be
You,



Who Telling, has a whole Tree.



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